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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, AUGUST 21, 1902. NUMBER 25

To City Visitors in Country Places.

An Appeal from the Horses.

DEAR FRIENDS: While driving for pleasure and enjoying beautiful scenery, we pray you to consider us.

There is much *you* can do to protect us from unnecessary suffering and permanent injury.

It is true that our owners must keep us through the year, and we are willing to work hard and earn as much as we can for them during the short season you are here, but humbly ask that you will try to create a public sentiment that will protect us from abuse while we are doing our best to make your visit happier. *Please kindly refuse to ride in any conveyance that is overloaded,* or behind those of us who have had the misfortune to become lame.

Do not urge drivers to drive us too fast.

Do not compel us to be driven again *when we have already done a hard day's work.*

Fast driving and too many hours of work injure us more in one day than weeks of hard work with kind management.

Do not overload us. It is often because you do not think, that drivers feel compelled to overload us.

Drivers wish to please you and do not always have the courage to do what they know is right.

It will help us greatly if, when we come to steep hills with heavy loads, some of you will lighten our loads by walking.

A few moments' stop at the tops of hills to enjoy the scenery will often give us much rest.

Do not encourage drivers to race with each other.

Remember that we need and enjoy a drink of fresh water very often.

Before riding us, please see that *our saddles fit well and that our backs are not sore,* and kindly tell your young sons and daughters that fast riding or driving *often means great suffering to us.*

When hiring your horses, please discourage the barbarous practice *of docking, by giving the preference to those of us who have not been mutilated and doomed to lifelong suffering from flies and other insects.*

And to our owners we humbly petition—

Do kindly lessen our sufferings by loosening our check reins.

What a comfort it would be if we could get rid of these blinders which we are told are never used in some European countries, and which injure our eyes and often cause us to stumble.

When you find we do not eat well, please kindly examine our teeth and see if they do not need filing down, which can be done by a veterinary surgeon.

You can obtain humane literature to distribute by writing to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Respectfully submitted by your friends, THE HORSES.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

AN

INTERESTING STORY

OF ONE

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Being a Historical Sketch

of the

Independent Congregational Church

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

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By the Author, REV. E. M. WILBER, Meadville, Pa.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1902. NUMBER 25

One hundred and seventy million three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and eighty-six dollars is the financial estimate of Secretary Root of the four years' war with the Philippines, commencing with the ratification of peace with Spain in 1898. And still we are not through with it.

The Advocate of Peace says that there are now pending seven or eight boundary disputes between the nations of the world and it recommends a special commission appointed by the nations to settle all such questions. Why not? It certainly is much cheaper and will reach much more equitable results than the old method of fighting it out.

We echo the sentiment put forth by the *Advocate of Peace* concerning the President's treatment of "Howling Wilderness Smith." This man, if guilty at all, was guilty not of "loose and violent talk," but of using his position as a "military cloak to cover a crime." And for all this his simple punishment is reprimand and dismissal. He will henceforth live "retired" very much like a gentleman on the bounty of the country whose good name he has forever smirched.

The many friends of Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo, who have noticed with pain the news of his declining health, will be glad to know that the wise man has taken the road of wisdom by taking to the country. In a letter to his friends which he has made public he says: "I am going out into the country to take physical culture and plain work, such as my father took and such as the farmers and laborers of today are taking, and plain living, and I trust in a few weeks I shall be able to present to my loving friends a physical appearance that will calm their fears." At a later date he is able to write: "After fifteen days in the wilderness I rejoice in new life. * * *All roads leading to it are labeled 'Simplicity.'" This road to simplicity is the road to mental as well as physical sanity; it is the road to the heavenly kingdom. Simplicity in dress, in manners and in speech is not only the condition but it is the evidence of health.

In the death of Vivekananda, recently announced there has passed away one of the most conspicuous figures of the Parliament of Religions, in his saffron robes and free-flowing diction. He was a magnet that drew second only to the more ascetic eloquence of Mozoomdar. Vivekananda stood for a newer Brahminism. His was the new thought shot through with old terms and oriental mysticism. His following in certain stratas of American life was phenomenal. His eloquent addresses have found permanent form in one or two American volumes. He has left behind him some permanent lessons, among which are the following: Christianity holds no monopoly on ethics. Asia still possesses minds that are capable of allying themselves to modern thought and to a degree modern methods. The fundamentals of religion are much the same everywhere. Along with the news of the death of Vivekananda, the eloquent representative of Brahminism, comes the news that Dharmapala, the single-minded and white-robed representative of Buddhism, has landed again upon our western shores. Under date of July 16 he writes to the editor of UNITY "Just a line to inform you of my arrival in Seattle and I am now proceeding on to Los Angeles, Cal. My address will be Belmont Hall, 1511 Silver street, Los Angeles, Cal." We welcome this oriental to our western shores again, and bid fraternal adieu to his brother as he fares forth to a still more oriental shore, to the sunrise beyond time.

The Future of War.*

It is widely known that the most enlightening and best work on war is that published some half dozen years ago by the late Jean de Boch, the leading banker and economist of Poland. It is a great work, filling six volumes with facts, figures, arguments and conclusions. It was originally in Russian, but has been published also in German and French, and is soon to be in English. But the last volume of the six, which is a good summary of the whole, was published in English some time ago, with a long preface by William T. Stead graphically stating Bloch's conclusions. This volume is now re-published by Ginn & Co., of Boston, with both Mr. Stead's preface and an excellent introduction by Edwin D. Mead.

Bloch's work against war is not in the least open to the charge of being sentimental. It does not expatiate at all on the inhumanity or wickedness of the business, but is a calm presentation of its folly from the standpoint of economy and common sense. It simply shows, as Mr. Mead says, "that this war system is the most stupid thing in creation." It shows how vastly military expenditures have been increasing the last thirty years, yet all to mere waste; since, with the change in military methods, war is becoming impossible. Bloch even claims that real war is already impossible. The invasion and conquest of weak nations by strong ones—as in the cases of the last few years—may continue for some time yet; but a real war between two nations fairly equal and well equipped can no longer be waged except with bankruptcy and ruin to the invader. Armies no longer meet in solid phalanx; but the defending troops are scattered widely so as to make cannon comparatively useless for overcoming them, while their rapid-firing rifles of long range do not allow the enemy to reach them. This

*THE FUTURE OF WAR in Its Technical, Economic and Political Relations. By I. S. Bloch. Translated by R. C. Long and with the author W. T. Stead as an. Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. Ginn & Company, Boston; pp. 379; $1.50.

great improvement in rifles, together with smokeless powder and well constructed earthworks, give the defence such an immense advantage that they can hardly be conquered. Hence Bloch predicted that it would be next to impossible for the great English army to conquer the Boers. How well he predicted, the event has proved.

This volume, while so calm and businesslike, is a terrible arraignment of the foolish waste of the war system. It shows, for instance, how much greater was the annual military expenditure in Europe six years ago than for popular education; namely, four times as much in Austria, five times as much in France, eight times as much in Italy, and nearly twelve times as much in Russia. Yet how needless is most of this vast outlay of nations in defence against each other is shown by the fact that the long boundary line between us and British America has gone for nearly a century without fortification or warships by the mere force of an agreement between the two governments, said to have been written on a single sheet of paper. This book will greatly help to open the eyes of the world to the wisdom of thus wasting the wealth which is so much needed for countless internal improvements. It will lead many to question the system by which each nation increases its armies only to make its neighbors increase theirs, builds costly warships only to make others build more and costlier, and by which the world spends its wealth ever improving its walls to resist any cannon and then ever improving its cannon to destroy any walls.

H. M. S.

A Great Book.*

The Varieties of Religious Experience, by Dr. William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, is a positive contribution to the cause, the literature and the life of religion.

The psychology of religion, if not overlooked, has received too little attention, it is only now coming into the foreground of thought. Theology has gone to the Godward side at the cost or neglect of Anthropology. And this theology has been largely in the forms of dogma and metaphysics; learned arguments for the existence of God and disquisitions upon the Divine attributes, and how to placate the wrath, or in a penal or substantial way satisfy the justice of the Infinite. With the vision turned upon such questions, theology has naturally dealt largely with the institutional forms of Christ and worship that would be most effective in accomplishing such a change of the attitude or feelings of God toward man. And for 1,500 years anthropology has rested upon the tragedies or myths of the fall of man and original sin, and salvation through the application and acceptance of the moral insolvency act, called the atonement.

Leaving these things: Dr. James approaches the great subject of religion from the standpoint of experience, of life. Dealing thus with what we may call the empyrical psychology of religion, he proceeds inductively to gather up from all sources,—Pagan, Jewish, Christian, Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, the empyrical facts. This is done with great care and a wise discrimination and classification. Of course such a task has to be selective, not exhaustive; but it is sufficiently full to form a basis for large generalizations, and hence is a time-saving convenience for all students.

From such induction and empyrical facts and classifications, Dr. James proceeds to the analysis of the different classifications, and to show their philosophic bases and meanings and their religious values. And in this appear the clear deep insight of spiritual verities, the wonderful grasp and unprejudiced catholicity of this great, if not greatest, of living Psychologists. There is no special pleading; he is not the retained attorney of any party or sect; but in everything the close student, the forceful thinker, the noble advocate of the true and the good.

It would be interesting to give some of the observations of such a scholar upon the classes or schools, but space permits of but a few short references.

Under the general thought of the optimistic view of life, of the religion of "Healthy-mindedness of the Once-born," he finds the philosophical place of Christian Science and the different sects of mind-cure. Of these he says:

"On the whole, one is struck by a psychological similarity between the mind-cure movement and the Lutheran and Wesleyan movements. To the believer in moralism and good works, with his anxious query, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Luther and Wesley replied: 'You are saved now, if you would but believe it,' and the mind-curers come with precisely similar words of emancipation. They speak, it is true, to persons for whom the conception of salvation has lost its ancient theological meaning, but who labor nevertheless with the same eternal human difficulty. *Things are awry* with them; and 'What shall I do to be clear, right, sound, whole, well?' is the form of this question. And the answer is: 'You *are* well, clear, sound already, if you did but know it.' The whole answer may be summed up in one, says one of the authors I have already quoted. *'God is well, and so are you;* you must awaken to the knowledge of your wellbeing.' "

"The adequacy of this message to the mental needs of a large fraction of mankind is what gave force to those earlier prophets. Exactly the same adequacy holds in the case of the mind-cure menage, foolish as it may sound upon the surface; and seeing its rapid growth in influence, and its therapeutic triumphs, one is tempted to ask whether it may not be destined (probably by reason of the crudity and extravagance of many of its manifestations) to play a part almost as great in the evolution of the popular religion of the future as did those earlier movements in their day."

The old theology degraded man; made him little, low, mean, guilty, and condemned, and to be saved by faith in a substitutional righteousness; mind-cure exalts the good that is in man; teaches that in the essence of his being he is Divine, a child of God, and asks him to turn his vision upon what he really is; to accept this and live it. Hence the doctrine of justifi-

*The Varieties of Religious Experience. A Study in Human Nature. Gifford Lectures delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902, by William James, LL. D. Longmans, Green & Co., 91-93 Fifth Ave., New York City.

cation by faith as taught by Luther and Wesley, and mind-cure healing are so nearly the same, differing only in things to be believed.

In the chapter on the Sick Soul, our author dwells upon the pessimistic view of life which instead of turning away from and giving no place for the evil, as does the extreme optimistic conception, admits, accepts, and even magnifies the fact of evil, and seeks relief through the miraculous intervention of the Divine. And this view, exaggerated and misconceived as it often is, may as a whole give a larger vision and realization of life and the all of its meaning, and hence to the development of the stronger qualities of being.

Dr. James recognizes the facts and the psychological significance of all these varied empyrical phenomena; and admitting their often extreme forms of expression, insists upon their validity and moral and religious value. They are not in all the same in conception and manifestation; are varied by temperament, culture and environment; but they are at one in the fact of some form of conscious relation between the soul and God; and that in this something is done for and in the soul; and from the results upon character and life as the criterion by which to estimate their value, he affirms the reality and the high worth of religion, in which experience is so large a part.

So superior a place does this great philosopher give to feeling, to experience, that without the emotional, he thinks there would be no such thing as religion, and certainly no such thing as theology; and he believes that the days of dogmatic and metaphysical speculative theology are numbered; that more and more the appeal of religion must be to the great deep centers of the soul and life. Of course there must be some intellectual conception; but its shaping may not be, indeed cannot hardly be, just the same in all minds; but in the knowing, and the being of great moral qualities and affections, there will be increasing and conscious oneness in the peace, the joy and hope of the really religious life of all the religions of a world. In this way they will find their great and glad agreements.

This strong emphasis of the place and value of the emotional in the psychology of religion, is philosophically along the same lines as the empyrical theology of Schleiermacher and Ristchl that is finding so large a place in the growing religious consciousness of the great years in which we are living.

This remarkable book will be welcomed by all thoughtful minds; and all will wait with hopeful expectancy for the second volume, made necessary by the many doors and questions opened, which could not be entered and answered in the first.

H. W. Thomas.

Count Rumford's Work.

It would be a great saving of time, worry, energy and money if, in dealing with social and other questions of the present, people would learn wisdom from the past. "The things that have been are the things that shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun," said Solomon, and this is true of nearly every social problem with which we have to deal at the present day. In view of this fact it may be worth while, considering how the question of pauperism in large cities is being forced on the attention of all, to recall to mind and consider one of the most successful experiments the world has ever seen for the suppression and eradication of this social disease.

This experiment was tried between the years of 1786 and 1795, by Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, originally an American citizen, in the city of Munich, in Bavaria. Mendicancy there had arrived at such a pitch that the citizens stood in terror of organized bands of beggars. Children were stolen and held as hostages by them, and some were even maimed in revenge for a refusal on the part of the parents to give alms. The city was heavily taxed to support the poor, but the legal tax was small compared with the tax enforced by appeals for charity which people feared to refuse. In this state of affairs, Count Rumford, who had already gained the favor of the Elector by his experiments and successful methods in certain departments of army organization, received permission to undertake the suppression of mendicancy. Before he could do anything effectively, however, he had first to reorganize the soldiery in order to have a sufficient police force. At that time the soldiers were being constantly moved from post to post, and were themselves a vagabond pilfering set. Count Rumford first introduced stationary barracks; he arranged matters so that soldiers with families could have them permanently located near them; he gave to each soldier a plot of ground to work, and allowed him to have the products that he raised either for the use of his family or for sale. He introduced the potato, and taught the soldiers how to garden profitably. The transformation wrought was wonderful, and in four years Rumford had a soldiery and a police force that he could rely upon in his plans for future action.

His next move was to divide the city into sixteen districts. Each district was in charge of a committee of charity, headed by a respectable citizen, assisted by a clergyman or priest, a surgeon and an apothecary. Count Rumford printed circulars, explaining his plan and appealing to the people to sustain and aid him in it, and distributed them privately at the doors of all the responsible citizens. He wished all the donations they were willing to make for the poor to be concentrated into one great organized fund, controlled and distributed in a systematic manner. Every house in every district was numbered and the name of every beggar or poor person living in each district was catalogued.

While these preparations were being made, he secured a great vacant manufactory which was falling to decay in one part of the city, and this he fitted up as a work-house, with tools and materials for different kinds of work; he also had a great number of sleeping rooms, plainly but cleanly furnished, divided off in it, a great dining room caable of holding 1,500 persons, and a kitchen with every appurtenance for cooking, in a thorough and excellent manner, a few kinds of plain and simple food—also every convenience for bathing and cleanliness. All this was done with great economy, for Rumford was an enthusiast on the subject of economy.

His plans being matured, New Year's day of 1790 was chosen as the day of decisive action. This day was the especial carnival of the beggars, and it was believed that nearly every one could be secured. The police were all in readiness, and Count Rumford himself arrested the first beggar. He was asked for alms, when he laid his hand on the man's shoulder and told him that henceforward there was to be no more begging in Munich. The excitement was intense as the beggars were brought in by the police to the great work-house. By a little after noon over 2,000 beggars were collected there. They were calmed and reas-

sured by Count Rumford, who told them he was going to help them to better their condition. A dinner was served to them all, and they were then informed that henceforward begging would not be permitted in Munich; that those who could work and were willing to do so should be supplied with work; those who were sick or feeble, and little children, should be provided for, while those who would not work, preferring to beg, should be dealt with in a different way. They were then dismissed and told to reassemble in the morning.

The morning brought all who really desired aid to a better mode of life as well as those who were genuine objects of charity. These were soon classified, and those who wanted work were given some kind of employment in the departments already fitted up. Those who had real need of help, the sick, the old, the crippled, were all placed on a relief list. The beggars who came not of their own accord were all arrested, and if they would not work were sent to the Government jail and work-house. The superintendents of the work-house and police force only were paid out of the city funds; all the rest of the expenses were borne by donations of the citizens. The whole city was relieved of a mighty fear and load. The funds placed at the disposal of Rumford were sufficient for his purpose. Butchers and bakers and grocers, relieved of an enforced tax on their charity, gladly gave of their goods. Enough soup bones were always donated to make good, rich soups at the work-house kitchen. Plenty of good but cheap food was served to the workers, and the success of the scheme was perfect. In the course of a short time the work-house, instead of being an expense to the city, was earning a profit of ten thousand florins a year. The worthy poor were all placed in the way of aiding themselves by securing work; and until Count Rumford's failing health compelled him to relinquish the scheme into the hands of others less interested and faithful than himself, there were no beggars and no suffering, worthy poor in all the city of Munich. All of this information as well as many further details can be found in the "Life and Letters of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford," which is accessible in any good public library.

HELEN E. STARRETT.

Some Stories of Mexico.

Mexico, with its lovely scenery, tropical climate, varied and romantic history, and mysterious legends and traditions, has ever had especial attractions for the story-writer. Its charm for him never lessens. Within the last few years a number of stories, the scenes of which are in Mexico, and which more or less adequately picture Mexican life, have appeared. A little pile of these books lie before us for review.

Stories of Old New Spain. Thomas A. Janvier. New York. 1898. D. Appleton. 16°. Pp. 326. $1.

Color Studies and A Mexican Campaign. Thos. A. Janvier. New York, 1899. Chas. Scribners. 16°. Pp. 391.

The Aztec Treasure House. Thomas A. Janvier. New York, 1901. Harper Bros. 16°. Pp. 446.

A Mexican Ranch. Janie Prichard Duggan. Philadelphia, 1894. American Baptist Publication Society. 16°. Pp. 377. $1.25.

Jesus Delaney. Joseph Gordon Donnelly. New York, 1899. Macmillan Co. 16°. Pp. 331. $1.50.

No guide book dealing with Mexico has yet appeared which surpasses that written by Thomas A. Janvier. No other can begin to compare with it in its delicate and sympathetic treatment of the artistic and legendary phases of Mexico. The qualities which render his guide book the best are equally shown in his stories. Three of his books of Mexican fiction are at hand. In *Stories of Old New Spain* we have a collection of tales in which love, warm and impetuous as it can only be in the tropics, is the central throb. The life of the old vice-royal days and the life of the new days of railroad invasion, with its forced contact between the Anglo-Saxon and the Spanish-American, are both drawn upon. Enough of excitement and horror exist in some of the stories—as in "The Flower of Death"—to make one almost forget the geographical and ethnic setting; but it is there, and there in full power. How many Americans living in Mexico know of that frightful draught, brewed from the flower of death? In Janvier's hands it gives ground for an incident of tremendous dramatic value. Recognizing the art shown by Mr. Janvier in his stories of race contact, we prefer the tales with purely Mexican characters. In Pancha, with the exciting incidents connected with a curious smuggling trade, and in San Antonio of the Gardens, with its delicate picturing of the quiet old convent life, we find our author at his happiest. He knows Mexico and the Mexican life, and depicts them with rare fidelity.

In *Color Studies and A Mexican Campaign* the same author introduces us to an artistic company whose color names quaintly suggest their dispositions. The latter half of the book is the Mexican campaign. In it Mr. and Mrs. Rouney Mauve (the latter (*nee* Violet Carmine), Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, the Orpiments; the Vandyke Browns, and the rest of this brilliant party, invite Mr. Pemberton Smith of Philadelphia to make a Mexican trip with them. Mr. Smith falls in love with a beautiful young Mexican widow at first sight, and it is his campaign which gives title to the book. The story is a simple love affair, which might almost as well have taken place in Philadelphia, but which, so international, is really fought out on historic battlefields. It is but incidentally that aught truly Mexican appears. But now and again we get a description of landscape or of some old church, a hint of Mexican life, or a snatch of history, which are well worth while.

Janvier's *Aztec Treasure House* is as unlike these two as they are unlike each other. Here our author uses a thought which has haunted many minds since John Lloyd Stephens wrote his fascinating books of Central American travel, now more than a half-century ago. Is there not somewhere in the yet unknown parts of Mexico a hidden city where the magnificent old Indian life is still lived just as in the days before the Spanish conquest? The dream of finding this mysterious city has sent more than one man into the wilderness. In the *Aztec Treasure House* a diligent student of the Aztec past accidentally secures information regarding the hidden city and a hieroglyphic record that may serve as guide thither. With companions he follows his clue, and after difficulties and exciting experiences finds the city, where time has stood still for almost four centuries—the city unknown to the outside world and ignorant of it. Arrived at this place, where pure Aztecs live the old Aztec life, subject to the tyranny of an aged priest-king, our travelers pass through thrilling and startling experiences, but at last escape, forever closing the way behind them and carrying the long-hoarded treasure with them. The story is ingeniously told, and betrays knowledge of many real archæological problems.

The chief value of *A Mexican Ranch* lies in its presentation of the life of a sort of community which has been strangely neglected by the story-writer. San Bernabe Ranch is typical. It is in population, and in fact, a true village, but its people are practically but a single family, with kinship uniting almost all its members, and with the owner of the great house, its patriarchal ruler. In this little community there comes

a Protestant missionary, Mary Summers. Her presence naturally stirs up trouble. In the story the progress of her work is followed. The heroine irritates the reader. She is an unsatisfactory combination of strength and weakness; she marries a colorless and uninteresting fellow-countryman and fellow-missionary, when, in all conscience, she should have married a much more attractive young Mexican, Jose; her work, when successful, is merely turning the people from mariolatry to mariolatry—for it is clear throughout that her converts are such merely because they worship her. The story, however, is a strong picturing of the events in such a ranch. The daily life, the thoughts, the impulses, the weak and strong in Mexican character, the petty jealousies, the hostility to innovations, the instigation to violence, the outbreak and destruction of the chapel, the death of the old patriarch Don Eduardo—these things are truly described.

In *Jesus Delaney* we have a missionary from the other side. It purports to be a narrative by a respectable and elderly gentleman from the United States who visits Mexico. He is interested in missions and contributes to mission enterprises; he stays for some months at Alameda, where the Rev. Lamb is in charge of a mission institute. Here he meets Jesus Delaney, the most notable convert of the mission. Jesus, taken as a little boy, was educated at the institute; later he was sent to the United States for higher education; at the time of the story he has returned to Mexico, and is a native helper in the mission. The visitor is associated with Jesus in a series of startling experiences, in which the veneer, which has been so carefully put upon the youth, proves thin. Not that Jesus Delaney is an intentional hypocrite, but the inheritance of centuries and the influence of national training and environment cannot be set aside at will. The story leads us through brawls, duels, fiestas, a political campaign, riot, bloodshed, imprisonment and sentence. It is brilliantly told, and has as genuine an underlying purpose as the preceding book—and a more wholesome one. Any one who knows Mexico will admit the truth of delineation, and every one who knows the people in Mexico—foreign and Mexican alike—will match every character in the book from his acquaintance. Many readers will finish *Jesus Delaney* at a single sitting.

FREDERICK STARR.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XLV.

The Death of King Saul.

You may begin to be a little tired of all these sad happenings between David and Saul. It always pains us very much if, when a man has repented of his wrong-doings, changed in his feelings and made up his mind to do them no more—if then he goes back to his bad ways and bad feelings just the same. One has to be fighting all the while in order to resist temptation. But Saul did not know how to do this. He could fight like a brave soldier in the field against the Philistines; but he did not know how to fight the wicked feelings in his heart.

There is an old proverb, you know, which tells us that the man who conquers his anger is stronger than the man who conquers a city. It may be that this proverb arose from what people knew about Saul. He had conquered many cities, but he could not conquer his own anger. Think what he might have done if he had been a true man! He was the first king over Israel and might have made that people grand and glorious, helping them to overthrow the Philistines and to get back the land of Canaan into their possession. It is so hard for a man to be brave on the inside as well as brave on the outside. Many a person would rather go out and be a soldier and risk his life on the field of battle, than to carry on a fight against his own bad feelings.

But sad to say, Saul lost the victory over himself. He was conquered by his own jealousy and his anger, although David had spared his life and made him feel ashamed of himself; and after a while the old hate came back along with the wish to kill David.

What is worse, the grand old man Samuel, who had anointed Saul and made him king, had died not long before. It may be that he might have done something to change the heart of Saul; for he had been one of the great leaders of the Israelites, a noble teacher in Israel. But Samuel had gone to his rest and Saul was all alone. His son Jonathan still stayed with him; but he knew there could be no true, deep love for him on the part of Jonathan.

In the meantime David was showing himself a brave soldier in the land of Canaan. People were hearing about what a leader he was, and how boldly he would fight at the head of an army. At one time, for instance, when he was away from home, the city where he was staying was seized by the Amalekites and burned with fire. And when David and his men came to the city, behold it was burned with fire, and their wives and their sons and their daughters had been taken captives. Then David and the people that were with him, for a time could not control themselves; they lifted up their voices and wept. But brave men do not shed tears unless it be over some awful calamity; and even then they do not shed tears for long. David, like a true soldier, at once set about to go and attack the Amalekites.

So David went, having the six hundred men that were with him, and came to the brook Besor. But they had been without food and were very faint. David pursued, however, he and four hundred of them. And they found an Egyptian in the field and brought him to David and gave him bread that he might eat; and they gave him water that he might drink, and they gave him a piece of a cake of figs and two clusters of raisins; and when he had eaten his spirit came again to him, for he had eaten no bread and drunk no water three days and three nights. David and his men were almost in the same plight. But they said to him: "To whom belongest thou, from whence art thou?" And he said, "I am a servant to an Amalekite; and my master left me because three days ago I fell sick." And David said unto him, "Wilt thou bring me down to the troop of the Amalekites?" And the man said, "Promise me that thou wilt neither kill me nor deliver me into the hands of my master and I will bring thee down to the hands of the Amalekites."

And when the man brought David down, behold there were the Amalekites spread all over the ground, eating, drinking and feasting, because of all the great spoil which they had taken. And David smote them from the twilight even unto the evening of the next day. And David recovered all that the Amalekites had taken. And there was nothing lacking to them, neither small nor great, neither sons nor daughters, nor anything which had been taken from the Israelites.

And they came back, David and the four hundred, to the other two hundred men who had been too weak to go with them. And those who had done the fighting said: "Because they went not with us, we will not give them aught of the spoil that we have recovered, save to every man his wife and children." Then said David to them: "Ye shall not do so, my brethren."

He felt that the men who had been obliged to stay behind had been just as true soldiers as the others; but they had been ill for want of food. And so David answered: "As his share is, that goeth down to the battle, so shall his share be that had to wait by the brook: They shall all share alike."

But we have come now to the point where I must tell you what happened to Saul. Although he kept wishing to see David and put him to death, he had been forced to go on fighting with the Philistines. And in a great battle with this old enemy, the Israelites were defeated. What is saddest of all to us, Jonathan was killed. As we are told: The battle went sore against Saul and the archers overtook him. Then said Saul to his armor bearer: "Draw thy sword and thrust me through therewith, lest these Philistines come and thrust me through and make a mock of me." But his armor bearer would not, for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took his sword and fell upon it, and when his armor bearer saw that Saul was dead, he likewise fell upon his sword and died with him. So Saul died and his three sons and his armor bearer, and all his men that same day together. And this was the end of Saul.

To the Teacher: There should be a review of the whole life of Saul at this point, while a picture of him in his earlier days may be shown to the children. Touch upon the wise judgment of David in sharing the spoils even with those who had not fought in the battle.

Memory Verse: *As his share is that cometh down to the battle, so shall his share be that had to wait by the brook; they shall all share alike.*

XLVI.

David Becomes the King.

We have told you a great deal about Saul. And yet he had not reigned a very long while, only a few years altogether. But it had been a sad and troublesome reign, for he had begun it in the wrong way, as you remember; it seemed as if a cloud hung over him all the while. It is a relief to us now that we do not have to hear any more about him, and I presume it was a relief to the Children of Israel when his end came.

At first David knew nothing of what had happened to Saul and Jonathan. He had been busy fighting with the Amalekites. But it came to pass that behold a man came out of the camp from Saul, with his clothes rent and earth upon his head. And so it was, when he came to David that he fell upon the earth and did obeisance. And David said unto him: "From whence comest thou?" And he said unto David: "Out of the camp of Israel have I escaped." And David said: "How went the matter, I pray thee tell me." And the man answered: "The people are fled from the battle and many of them are fallen and dead, and Saul and Jonathan are dead also."

Then David took hold of his clothes and rent them, and likewise all the men with him; and they mourned and wept and fasted until evening because of Saul and Jonathan his son, and for the people of Israel fallen by the sword.

This must have been an awful blow to David. I think he would have been willing to have given up his life for the sake of Jonathan. They had loved each other so well! It had never crossed David's mind, we are quite sure, that Jonathan would be killed. And now poor David was almost heart-broken, although he knew that his enemy Saul was dead and that he would now become king over Israel.

As we are told: David lamented over Saul and over Jonathan his son, and he had the Israelites learn a song in memory of Jonathan called the "Song of the Bow." These are some of the words of the song: "Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places! How are the mighty fallen! Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no rain or dew upon you, for there the shield of the mighty was cast aside! How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! Jonathan is slain upon the high places! I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful. How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished."

Some time after this, the elders of Israel assembled in the city of Hebron in order to crown David the king; and they spoke saying: "Behold we are of thy bone and thy flesh. In times past when Saul was king over us, it was thou that leadest us out and broughtest us in, to Israel. The Lord has said to thee: 'Thou shalt feed my people Israel and thou shalt be Prince over Israel.' "

Then a covenant was made between David and the elders, and they anointed David king over Israel. He was thirty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty years. This is usually looked upon as the important time in the whole history of the Children of Israel. It was at this period that they became a great kingdom; so that ever afterward whenever the Children of Israel talked of the glories of the past and wished to name the time when their people had been the most prosperous, they used to look back and talk about the days when their people were ruled over by King David.

I will tell you some other things which were done by David during his reign. In the first place let me give you a short account of what he did because of his memory for his dear Jonathan. I like this very much in David. It shows that when he became a man of great power he did not forget those sweet and tender memories of his younger days.

As we are told: David said, "Is there yet anybody left to the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" And there was one of the house of Saul, a servant whose name was Ziba, and they called him unto David, and the king said unto him, "Art thou Ziba?" And the man said: "Thy servant is he." And David said: "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul that I may show kindness unto him?" And Ziba said unto the king: "Jonathan has yet a son who is lame on his feet."

It seems that at the time when Saul and Jonathan were killed, there had been a little boy only five years old, a son of Jonathan, in charge of a nurse; and when the nurse heard how the boy's father and grandfather had been killed, she was afraid that the little boy would be killed also, and she took the child and fled, and in her haste he slipped out of her arms and fell, and so was hurt and made lame for all the rest of his life.

And this is the one whom the man had in mind when he answered David: "Jonathan hath yet a son who is lame on his feet." And the king said unto the man, "Where is he?" And Ziba said unto the king: "Behold, he is in the house of Machir and his name is Mephibosheth."

And Mephibosheth the son of Jonathan came unto David and bowed before him. And David said: "Mephibosheth." And he answered and said, "Behold thy servant." And David said: "Fear not, for I shall show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and restore thee all the land belonging to thy grandfather Saul, and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." Then the king called Ziba and said unto him: "All that belonged to Saul have I given unto thy master's son and thou shalt till the land for him, thou and thy sons and thy servants; and thou shalt bring in the fruits that thy master's son may have bread to eat; but Mephistosheth shall eat bread always at my table."

Now as to what David did for Israel. I am quite

sure that you have heard of a great city far away over in Palestine, a city which has been more talked about than any other city in the world. We are speaking of Jerusalem. In the early days of David this had been a small city belonging to one of the tribes of Canaan. But that tribe had made war on David, and so David conquered them and captured their city. Then he went to live there and made it the capital of his kingdom. In this way it became the great city of Palestine. He made a much larger city of it, and, I suppose, built another great wall around it. It was surrounded, as you know, by hills and mountains, and was entered by gates from the valleys below. David had armies of soldiers with him to defend the city and the Children of Israel came to look upon it as the great city of the land.

Then in the next place David took pains to show his honor for the great Ruler of the World. You remember about the Ark which had been made at the time when Moses and Aaron were with the Children of Israel in the Wilderness. This Ark, it seems, had been kept in a tent; and so David went forth with a great number of people, and they brought this Ark to Jerusalem in order to do honor to the Lord over All.

Unfortunately, David had to be all the while going to war. He had made up his mind now once for all to conquer the whole of Canaan, and put an end to the troubles between the Israelites and the Canaanites. These wars had been going on ever since the days of Joshua. But David had founded his kingdom and so he set to work to conquer these tribes one after another.

There was one thing, however, that he wanted very much to do. He wished to build a temple to the Lord. He had made a great palace for himself, where he and his family lived in Jerusalem; and he did not feel it right that he should live in such a palace when there was no temple for the Ruler over All. And he said to Nathan, the great teacher of those days, who was called a prophet: "See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the Ark of the Lord dwelleth within curtains." And Nathan was going to tell David to proceed and build a temple; but the Lord said to Nathan, as we are told: "Now therefore thus shalt thou say unto my servant David, 'Thus saith the Lord: I took thee from the pasture and from following the sheep that thou shouldst be prince over my people, Israel, and I have been with thee whithersoever thou wentest and have cut off all thy enemies from before thee; and I will make thee a great name like unto the name of the great ones that are in the earth. When thy days be fulfilled and thou shallst sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy family after thee and one of them shall build a house to my name. I will be his father and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity I will chasten him with the rod of men and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart from him.'"

You will wonder why it was that David was not allowed to build this temple, and I will tell you. It was because David had been, as we are told, a "man of blood." He had been a great soldier and been obliged to kill many people. This had to be done, as there was no other way at that time by which the wicked Canaanite could be conquered and punished. But it was felt that the Temple to the Lord over All should be built by a man who had not been compelled to take the lives of his fellow men; and so this wish on the part of David could not be granted. He was able to advance and make a great people of the Children of Israel, and also a great name for himself, but he was not allowed to build a temple to the Lord.

To the Teacher: As there are a number of incidents in this lesson, each one should be taken up separately. There should be some talk about Jerusalem and of its importance, perhaps with pictures of the city and of its surroundings. The reason why David was refused the privilege of building the Temple should be discussed and remembered. The two Mourning Songs might be committed to memory and recited in the class.

XLVII.

How David Did Wrong.

You must now learn something about David which we should like to leave out, if it were right for us to do so. I am quite sure you will think there is a great deal of wickedness in these stories from the Bible; but it is a sad fact that you must know of once for all, that there has been much wickedness in the world; and the worst of it is, even great men have a way sometimes of yielding to temptation. This may happen again and again when a man comes into great power and is more free to do quite as he pleases. There is nothing in the world more dangerous than for a man for a long while to be able to do quite as he pleases. It makes him forget to obey rules or keep commands. And this is just what happened to David as it did to Saul. At one time he was guilty of an awful crime. He must have been sorry for it all the rest of his days; but I shall have to tell you about it.

It goes with that custom of early times which we have outgrown now, by which a man could have more than one wife, especially if he were a king. And it so happened that David was walking one evening upon the roof of his house, and he looked in a certain way and saw a woman in another dwelling. And the woman was very beautiful to look upon; and all of a sudden the thought came to David that he would like to have her for his wife. And David sent and inquired about the woman, and some one said to him, "This is Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite."

Now when this was told to David he ought at once to have put the whole subject out of his mind; he should not have allowed himself to think about it for a single minute. It was an awful crime for him to take another man's wife.

In his younger days when David was a brave modest shepherd lad, or when he was fleeing from the persecution of Saul and protected by the kindness and love of Jonathan, I am sure that if this temptation had come to him he would have put it away at once and never have thought of it again. But he had been king now for some time and able to command people to do his wishes in all sorts of ways, so that he was no longer in the habit of giving up. He made up his mind, therefore, that he would have Bathsheba for his wife in spite of Uriah, the Hittite.

And the way he went about it is something awful to think of. When a man makes up his mind to do something terribly wicked and knows how wicked it is, he is liable to forget all scruples and lose every sense of shame. But I must let you know once for all how guilty David was. According to my story: It came to pass that David wrote a letter to Joab, the leader of his army, who was out at war with one of the tribes in Canaan, and he wrote in the letter saying: "Set Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle and retire from him that he may be smitten and die." And it came to pass that Joab assigned Uriah to the place where he knew the valiant men were, and there fell some of the people even of the servants of David, and Uriah the Hittite died also.

Then Joab sent and told David all the things concerning the war and how Uriah the Hittite was dead. And the messenger came and said unto David: "The men prevailed against us and came out against us into the field and we were upon them even unto the entering of the gate; and the shooters shot thy servants

from out the wall and some of the king's servants be dead and thy servant Uriah the Hittite is dead also."

One would have supposed that this would have frightened David when he was told what an awful thing had been done. But he had gone so far now that he seemed to have lost his conscience. Then David said unto the messenger: "Thus shalt thou say unto Joab, 'Let not this thing displease thee, for the sword debaseth one as well as another,' make thy battle more strong between the city and overthrow it."

I should not like to have looked into David's heart at this time. It must have been just like a stone, no feeling there at all. He did not have heart enough even to be ashamed. He had taken Bathsheba to be his wife after having caused the death of her husband Uriah.

Yet after what I have told you about David, you will feel pretty sure that his conscience would come back to him by and by. This was the same David who had kept his father's sheep, and who in his great self-reliance had gone out and killed Goliath. It was the same David whom Jonathan had loved and who had loved Jonathan. It was the same David who had returned good for evil to Saul, and spared Saul's life when he might have killed him. It was only a question of time when that heart of stone would melt, and he would fall to the ground and wish so much he had never been guilty of that awful crime. I will tell you now, how his conscience was awakened about it all.

It was known to Nathan the teacher or prophet in Jerusalem, what David had done. And Nathan came one day to David and told him a story. And it was this: "There were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had many flocks and herds, but the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished; and it grew up together with him and his children; it did eat of his morsel and drank of his own cup, and it lay in his bosom, and it was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveler unto the rich man, and the rich man spared to take of his own flock and own herd to dress for the traveler that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb and dressed it for the traveler."

As Nathan came to this point in his story, there was complete silence for a while. A pained look came over the face of David, the heart of stone began to melt in pity for that poor man and his one ewe lamb. As he thought of that wicked act on the part of the rich man, David's anger was greatly kindled and he said to Nathan: "The man that hath done this is worthy to die; and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

Again there was silence. Nathan was watching the face of David, thinking what he should say. And as the two men stood looking at each other, Nathan said softly but solemnly to David: "Thou art the man." Fancy the change that must have come over the king's face. His heart had already melted in pity for that poor man, and all the conscience within him had come back. He turned pale and felt sick in his very soul as Nathan went on to say, "Thus saith the Lord: 'I anointed thee king over Israel and delivered thee out of the hands of Saul.' Wherefore hast thou despised the word of the Lord to do evil in his sight? Thou hast smitten Uriah the Hittite with the sword and taken his wife to be thy wife. Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thy house."

And David broke down completely; no courage was left in him at all, he just wept like a child as he cried: "I have sinned, I have sinned." That was all he could say. No mortal ever felt greater sorrow than David felt for what he had done. He had taken the one ewe lamb of another. He had stolen the wife of one who had served him as a brave soldier in the war, and caused that man to be put to death. And he knew that the shame of it would hang over his life and over his name all through future times. Whenever the story of David would be told, this awful deed would have to be told with it.

It is said that David wrote a psalm or hymn of penitence for this crime, and it was a sad confession:

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to thy loving kindness. According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before me. Hide thy face from my sin and blot out all my iniquity. Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me."

You see in this hymn of David how a man feels when he has done wrong. Somehow it is to him as if he were not clean, or as if he wanted to be washed in some way with pure water; he wants a clean heart. And David felt just this way. He fairly hated himself and did not feel himself worthy to live. He wanted to be made all over again. It could not be as if that deed had never been done. But I am sure after what Nathan the prophet had said to him, and after he had heard those awful words spoken to him, "Thou art the man," that he never lost control of himself in the same way again. But the shame in his heart was there and it had to stay with him there all the rest of his days.

To the Teacher: It is a difficult matter to tell this story and make it effective in the right way. We naturally feel that one who had been a really good man never could have been guilty of such an awful crime. But the story belongs to the whole narrative and must be given. On the other hand, there is great power and beauty in the parable by Nathan. The Hymn of Penitence should be committed to memory and recited in the class. There is some danger of exaggerating the high character of David, in fear lest from later reading the young people may feel that they have experienced a disillusion. From the stories we have of this man, the good and bad elements were mixed up in a most extraordinary way.

Memory Verse: *I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before me. Hide thy face from my sin and blot out all my iniquity. Create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me.*

XLVIII.

David and His Son Absalom.

We now come, alas! to something very painful which happened to David in the course of his reign of forty years. It was after he was settled in Jerusalem and his children were growing up around him, when he had become very successful in overcoming the enemies of the Israelites and founding his kingdom in the land of Canaan. My story is concerned with an effort on the part of a number of the Children of Israel to drive David out of his place as king, and to put another man on the throne. This must have been very hard indeed for David, when he had done so much for the Israelites. It was what we would call a "conspiracy" against the king. David had been compelled to make a good many enemies even among the Children of Israel. He could not let them have their own way all the time, and every now and then had to punish them for disobedience. Hence there were a good many of the people who disliked or hated him.

But I have not yet spoken of the saddest and most painful part of this experience to David. It seems that he was extremely fond of one of his sons, whose name was Absalom. He loved this boy more even than himself. Just why he was so fond of Absalom, I do not know. It may be that this boy was dearer to

him than all his other children. And now just think what took place. It was this son who took the lead in the conspiracy in order to set himself up as king in place of his father David.

As we are told: Now in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty. From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. And he was said to have had most beautiful hair, which all the people admired. It may be that this was one reason why they thought so much of Absalom, because he was such a handsome man.

But at any rate this son set about to make himself "popular," as we should say, with the Israelites, and to make all the people like him. He was scheming in order to win over the hearts of the people so that he might become king by and by.

As my story runs: It came to pass that Absalom prepared him a chariot and horses and fifty men to run before him. And Absalom rose up early and stood beside the gate, and it was so when any man had a suit which should come to the king for judgment then Absalom called unto him and said: "O that I were made judge in the land that every man which hath any suit or cause, might come unto me and I would do him justice." And it was so that when any man came nigh to bow to him, he would put forth his hand and take hold of him and kiss him. And so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.

I do not suppose that David suspected what was going on, because he had so much trust in his boy. When we love a person we very naturally put great confidence in him, and it never crosses our minds that he could plan to do us harm. So it never entered David's mind that Absalom could be planning anything wicked in trying to get the friendship of the people for himself. It only made him still more fond of Absalom.

Yet the blow had to come at last. Absalom had everything ready in order to carry out his conspiracy. He said unto his father the king: "I pray thee let me go and pay a vow which I have made in Hebron." And the king said unto him: "Go in peace." So Absalom arose and went to Hebron. But in the meantime he sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel, saying: "As soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then shall ye say, 'Absalom is king in Hebron.'"

But when all this had taken place according to the plans of the conspiracy, there came a messenger to David saying: "The hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom." Then it was told David how his son was coming with an army to attack him and overthrow him. Just fancy what a blow this was to the king! It was bad enough to feel that the Israelites, many of them, for whom he had done so much, were rising against him and becoming his enemies; but worst of all, his own dear son whom he had loved so much had gone against him, and was trying to bring war upon his own father. One must feel pity for poor David after what he had done in founding the kingdom of Israel, and after what he had done for his boy Absalom? If there is anything that breaks a man's heart it is to meet with glaring ingratitude.

David was now obliged for a time to flee from his own city in Jerusalem. And as he went up among the mountains and was pasing beyond, there came a man who began to curse him. This may have been the first real experience David had had with the conspiracy, giving him an idea of all that was being done against him. And one of his soldiers said: "Why should this man be allowed to curse my lord the king? Let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head." But David was too sad to allow this. Now that his own dearest son had turned against him, he hardly seemed to care about what was taking place. And he answered: "Behold my son, my own child seeketh my life! Why, then, should not this other man do the same? Let him alone and let him curse."

But he had to raise an army and at once see that this wicked conspiracy should be put down. It pained him extremely that he should have to go to war with his own boy Absalom. There was nothing else, however, to be done. And David sent forth the army saying to the leaders: "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom"; and all the people heard when the king gave the captain's charge concerning Absalom. So the army went forth to battle and the battle was in the forest of Ephraim, and the army which had risen up against David was defeated and there was a slaughter there that day of twenty thousand men.

You would like to know what happened to Absalom. He had to flee as his army was defeated. And Absalom rode upon a mule and the mule went under the thick bows of a great oak tree, and his hair caught hold of the oak and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, while the mule that was under him went on.

There was Absalom hanging by his hair from the boughs of a tree. He had thought a great deal of this beautiful hair and had admired himself for it and taken a great deal of care to dress it and make it look more beautiful, so that people should be saying all the time to each other, "What handsome hair Absalom has!" and now this hair was the cause of his capture and death.

It seems, a man of the armies of David saw Absalom hanging there, and told Joab and said: "Behold I saw Absalom hanging in an oak." And Joab said unto the man that told him: "Behold thou sawest it and why dost thou not smite him there to the ground, and I would have given thee ten pieces of silver and a girdle." And the man said unto Joab: "Though I should receive a thousand pieces of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for in our hearing the king charged saying, 'Beware that none touch the young man Absalom.'"

Then Joab took three darts in his hand and went and thrust them through the heart of Absalom while Absalom was yet alive hanging by his hair from the oak tree. And the young men that carried Joab's armor compassed about and smote Absalom and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet and the army returned from fighting, and they took Absalom and cast his body into a great pit in the forest and raised over him a very great heap of stones.

As yet David had not been told of what had happened to his son And Joab said unto a man who was a Cushite: "Go tell the king what thou hast already and seen." And the Cushite bowed himself unto Joab and ran.

Now David sat between the gates of the city and the watchman went up to the roof of the gate under the walls and lifted up his eyes and beheld a man running alone. And the watchman cried and told the king. And the king said: "If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth."

And when the messenger had arrived the first words said to him by David were: "Is it well with the young man Absalom?" And the Cushite said: "Tidings for my lord the king; the enemies of my lord the king and all that rose up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is!" By this speech the king new that Absalom was dead. And David mas much moved and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept. And as he wept thus he said: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son."

And it was told Joab: "Behold the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom." And the victory that

day was turned into mourning unto all the people; for the people heard say that day, "The king grieveth for his son." And the king covered his face and cried with a loud voice: "O my son Absalom, O Absalom my son, my son."

And after this David returned to Jerusalem and had peace in his kingdom, and he continued ruling over the Children of Israel.

To THE TEACHER: Point out the appalling guilt of Absalom in conspiring against his own father. The weakness of this man can also be observed in his vanity on account of his beautiful hair. Speak of this with contempt.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

The *World's Work* gives us for August one of the most remarkable numbers of any magazine ever produced. It is devoted to vacation topics—the Republic at Play. The illustrations are as perfect as the material is interesting. The discussion of the new fast trains is exceedingly interesting. It is nearly impossible to conceive of a trip from New York to Chicago in twenty hours. The writer makes the New York merchant say: "I am going to Chicago, and I'll be back day after tomorrow morning." That is, he is going to Chicago, and back, 1,900 miles, in 39 hours and 50 minutes. Almost two-thirds the width of the continent in a day and two-thirds. The subject of Houseboats is equally interesting; since it is a fact that we are already imitating the Chinese by living on the water.

In the July number of *Open Court* there is a remarkable article on Tolstoy, which cannot be of little importance, to those who have fallen into the wretched habit of worshiping every excitable, irrational, but brilliant, reformer. In the August number there are several articles of sterling worth—especially that on Hiawatha, and Iroquois Indians. The editor is giving us some most excellent illustrated articles on the Cross and similar topics.

From Funk & Wagnalls comes "The Concise Standard Dictionary." This is a compact and admirably printed, as well as illustrated, digest of the Standard. It is designed to give the orthography, pronunciation and meaning of those words and phrases which are in general and common use in the street, and in literature of our every day life. The number of these words is about 28,000. The definitions aim at brevity with accuracy; and in all ways the book is meant to be just that handbook needed in the office, the family, and in the school. Those who cannot afford the magnificent Standard dictionary—the most superb triumph of scholarship—will do well to purchase this small, compact and cheap digest. E. P. POWELL.

A Historical View of The New Testament.

Under this title the Messrs. A. & C. Black, London (New York: The Macmillan Co.), publish in a handsome volume the Jowett Lectures for 1901, by Perby Gardner, Litt. D., of Oxford. The general point of view of the author is indicated in the remark made in his preface that it is to him a great satisfaction to find that his historical views in most cases closely agree with those of Dr. Harnack in "What Is Christianity," which he read after delivering the lectures. This is "notably true," he says, "as to the miraculous element in the life of Jesus, the origin of the Fourth Gospel, and the relation of Greek to Hebrew elements in the early church." The eight lectures are entitled, respectively: "Historic Methods and Christian Documents," "Revelation and Its Embodiment," "The Historic Founder of Christianity," "The Messiah of the Synoptics," "The Synoptists and Miracle," "The Logos Doctrine of the Fourth Evangelist," "The Christianity of Paul," "Summary and Inferences."

Dr. Gardner proceeds according to the historical method, but he gives due consideration to the application of psychology to history. Christianity, he maintains, cannot be divorced from history; but all religious history is full of subjectivity, and the inspiration of the writers does not guarantee the accuracy of their knowledge either of nature or of events. The materials for an objective life of Jesus do not exist. The most authentic of our documents is the Lord's Prayer, and this gives the key to the teachings of Jesus, dwelling especially on the doing of God's will in the individual life and in the world. As to miracles, the attributing of them to Jesus is a survival of animistic views of the world. Wonders of healing are distinguished from miracles proper. It appears that Jesus wrought cures by faith-healing, and that he attributed disease to diabolical agency. The evidence produced for miracles proper is insufficient, while the bodily resurrection is not supported by adequate testimony. Of Paul's relation to Jesus, Dr. Gardner says that "it was a continuity of life, and the spirit of Jesus dominated him. His doctrine is not a thought-out system, but an expression in intellectual terms of an experience lighted up by flashes of inspiration." The discussion of the Christianity of Paul is less satisfactory than some of the other lectures. The style of the book is somewhat diffuse, and perhaps on that account well adapted to the purpose of lectures. There is, however, little want of clearness. On the whole, the book is instructive and suggestive. ORELLO CONE.

Searching for the Truth.*

Among the books written by avowed opponents of Christianity, and designed to expose its absurdities or its inconsistencies, the present one, by an anonymous writer, is the least objectionable that we have happened to see. While it is written in no sympathetic spirit, and is apparently ignorant of the progress that even the more conservative Christian churches have made, it is happily free from much of the vulgarity of manner and method that has marked so many of the books of its class. The writer has thought for himself upon the problems of religion in general, and the doctrine of Christianity in particular, and here sets down his conclusions. He finds many a weak spot in the armor of Christianity as it is currently held. The fundamental mistake of the book, however, it seems to us, is that it looks at the Bible in the same narrow, literal spirit as do those whom the author criticises; and that it assumes that extreme and unprogressive orthodoxy is the only form of Christianity that can be recognized. In other words, the author takes the extremely conservative Christian on his own ground, and beats him: forgetting that the most influential, if not the most numerous, representatives of Christianity have some time since abandoned that ground and taken up positions which are far more defensible. Religious movements now rapidly going on within Christian churches of all names, through the scientific study of the Bible, and the reconstruction of theology in the light of modern thought, are showing the better way out of the evils which the author so earnestly attacks, and are leaving the better fruits of Christianity little disturbed. The constructive tone that is attempted in he book, alhough not leading to all that might be desired, marks a new motive in works of this sort. E. M. WILBER.

Meadville, Pa.

*Searching for the Truth. New York. Peter Eckler. Pp. xii.-581. 8°.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret, hiding God.

MON.—The most trifling act which is marked by usefulness to others is nobler in God's sight than the most brilliant accomplishments of genius, which edify only our own solitary soul.

TUES.—Love is required for wisdom—the love which opens the heart and makes it generous, and reveals secrets deeper than prudence or political economy teaches.

WED.—There is a law of infinite mercy, but there is a law of boundless rigor, too.

THURS.—He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.

FRI.—Forget your gilt, and wait to see what eternity has to say to it. You have other work to do now.

SAT.—The true man is he who does the truth and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it. —*F. W. Robertson.*

Why Do We Wait?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for looks of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

—*British Weekly.*

Ethel's Afternoon Tea.

Ethel loved school nearly as well as any little girl does, only sometimes she wished—just a little, you know—that Saturday and Sunday would come twice a week instead of once. Then she wished—just a little bit, too—that she could be sick for two or three weeks. It would be so lovely to sit up in bed with a pretty pink flannel jacket on and have people call to bring flowers and nice jellies. Mamma would read stories to her then and show her beautiful pictures, and instead of the oatmeal and soups she disliked she would have dainty bits of chicken and cunning little puddings and oranges. Besides, if she were sick she would not have to run errands, or wipe dishes, or wheel baby's carriage, or do lots of things she sometimes hated to do.

One morning Ethel woke up feeling queer and hot and sore, and when the doctor came he said she had rheumatic fever. It wasn't any fun. There were four long weeks of feeling awful and taking horrible medicine and lying perfectly still; then she began to be the least bit better. She did not care now as much as she thought she would about sitting up in bed and having people call and listening to mamma's stories. Instead, she was longing to be outdoors. The trees were beginning to bud the day the little girl grew sick; now she could sit up and look outdoors and it was lovely and green. She could smell roses and honeysuckle when the windows were open and hear children laughing and shouting in the street.

"Dear, dear, dear!" sighed Ethel, while a few tears tumbled down her cheeks; "how I do wish I was well! Could I get up, mamma, if I didn't have a collapse?"

"A *relapse,*" said mamma, laughing; "just be patient a week more, sweetness, then you can be lifted out on the piazza for a little while and pretty soon you'll be all well."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ethel, "but it is so long to wait!"

That afternoon, when Ethel waked up from a little nap, her mamma dressed her and allowed her to sit up an hour in a big chair.

Pretty soon there came a loud ting-a-ling at the door-bell. She heard mamma open the door and laugh, then there came such a giggling and tiptoeing and whispering on the stairs that Ethel could hardly stay still; she wanted to know what was going to happen. A knock came to her bedroom door—a nice polite little knock—and Ethel called, "Come in."

"Here are some callers for you, dear," said her mamma—"Mrs. Jones and Mr. Smith and Mrs. Brown."

How Ethel did stare! Her callers were very tiny people, but they were dressed in such wonderful big clothes. Mrs. Jones wore a long black gown that trailed all over the floor, a black coat and a beautiful hat with a veil. She had a long boa about her neck and she had kid gloves on her hands. Mrs. Brown was quite as elegantly dressed and Mr. Smith wore a big coat which came to his feet and a brown derby hat just like the one that belonged to Ethel's papa. He had on very large kid gloves and carried an umbrella which was taller than he was.

Ethel burst out laughing. They were not Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones and Mr. Smith at all; they were her three cousins, who lived across the street. They did not act like her little cousins, however. They shook hands quite gravely and sat down. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had a great deal of trouble holding their gowns up so they would not fall over them and Mr. Smith had a terrible time to keep his head from disappearing in his brown derby.

They sat and talked just as mamma's visitors did, about Cousin Helen's little young rabbits and Cousin Ned's chickens and the new baby at Uncle Jim's. Then in came mamma with a big tray which held the copper tea-kettle and the dearest little pink and white cakes and Ethel's blue tea set. The tray was set beside Ethel's chair.

"You are the hostess today," said mamma, "so you must pour tea."

It was not tea, it was delightful sweet chocolate and there was real whipped cream to put on top. What a lovely time they did have, such a good time that Ethel did not mind after the good-byes had been said, to have her mamma undress her and put her to bed.—*Good Housekeeping.*

It is given to every one of us to have something which the world needs and which we can give as the manifesting of our life.—*Alexander McKinzie.*

Not the fondling of our doubts, but the obedience of our verities leads up the heights of knowledge.—*Alexander McKinzie.*

No man is poor who has himself to give.—*Alexander McKinzie.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Tower Hill Summer School.

Tower Hill clothes itself this year in resplendent radiance, in glossy green robes, in a glory of leafage and flower. Under sunny skies and amid this beauty we live as in a happy dream. A wide-awake dream, however, interpenetrated with a sense of the permanent and alliance with the abiding. Ineffable peace lies in the centers of life as the days dawn and pass in pomp and majesty of splendor.

The calendar of time, set to high purposes here, has much to record in the events of the past week, the fourth week of the Summer School, which, under the leadership of Mr. Jones, concerned itself with a study of the "Growth of Christianity" and of some phases of the life work of John Ruskin, the first subject taking but a half-hour and the second an hour, or the remainder of the morning session. To tell how the vast subject of the "Growth of Christianity" is treated in the hands of our leader is a hard matter; that it is vitalized and quickened to living reality goes without saying. Charlemagne, Alfred, Hildebrand, Abelard, Arthur, Francis of Assisi and Dante flash and pass, leaving a scintillating pathway in which symbolism and motto combine to fix and make fast indelibility of impression. The interest in this study is keen and absorbing.

Not so far away from these great forebrothers of the elder time is John Ruskin, the sociological prophet of the nineteenth century, who, read rightly, is like a lamp to light the way for stumbling feet. The special phase of Ruskin with which we are directly concerned is that embodied in his late letters of *lus Fors Clavigera*, and John Ruskin as a man of business is now to be surveyed, and, behold, the man of large means, the cultured scholar, the dreamer and the seer, looked at on another side, measured by the resultant product of his works, becomes a man of wide sagacity in the management of business affairs. In sign and witness of which the Sheffield Museum, the wool mills of Manx and the linen industry of Langdale do most abundantly testify.

Again, as to the vast wastage of our economic systems and methods of life, John Ruskin was keenly alive, and no voice was more persistent than his against the extravagance of the time. Regarding modern machinery operated by steam as an assistant factor of demoralization, darkening earth and sky, making foul the air of heaven, and extinguishing much of the joy and beauty of life, his antipathy to it was strong and abiding.

Also the subject of dress became a matter of paramount importance in Ruskin's estimate of a right economic arrangement. Thus this to meet his requirement should combine the essential elements of utility, durability, beauty—from which it is not to be supposed that any abrupt or eccentric departure from established custom is advocated, but rather a gentle evolution by gentle methods and gradual means of a costume that may be at once graceful, harmonious and fitting.

A great and vital subject that Ruskin has thought much about is that of a right method of education, and his is an exclusive and elastic rather than a hard and fast system. Thus he says: "All education must be moral first; intellectual secondarily. Moral education consists in making the creature educated, clean, obedient, and serviceable to his fellow creatures. Intellectual education consists in giving the creature the faculties of admiration, hope and love." Does the horizon broaden or narrow in this view of the matter? Take it into consideration for a reason before dismissing it with hasty conclusion. From the foregoing it may at least be seen that the Ruskin study, classified by the vision of its interpreter, has been rich in mental nourishment.

Supplementing and amplifying the study of literature arise opportunities in other directions. And the Nature Study class, under the leadership of Mr. T. R. Lloyd Jones, must not be overlooked. A source of interest and profit has this been and animal life and plant life have yielded their secrets ungrudgingly for the enlightenment of the student, and Miss Hatherell's delightful interpretation of the life of ferns, at once instructive and revealing, gave a fitting close to the week's nature study.

So much for the treasures of the day. Now as to the evening, in the hours of which we have again been enriched. On Tuesday afternoon and evening we had a talk from Mr. Robert Joiner, a resident of this hill country, which brought us, so to speak, to our feet. This talk, in the form of vivid and graphic word pictures of the frontier life of the past, was a unique and wonderful performance, in which humor, characterization, forest life and savage life strangely blended. Mr. Joiner's power is certainly great in the art of story-telling.

Again, on Thursday evening, Mr. Jones gave a pleasing addenda to the "Growth of Christianity" study by the exhibition of a series of stereopticon pictures, consisting largely of reproductions of the great pictures and buildings of the history, illustrating the subjects in review.

Another phase of the life of the Hill came to view when the Helena Valley Grove meeting held its twenty-first session in the ample hall of the pavilion on Sunday. These meetings call the people from the countryside thirty miles around and is an altogether impressive and characteristic gathering. The particular speakers of the day were Professor Frankenberger and Professor Smith, of the Wisconsin University; Rev. Henry Simmons, of Minneapolis, and Mr. Jones; and it was pretty to see how by some certain fine instinct or grace of courtesy these specialized representatives fitted with surprising harmony into the beautiful surroundings of the day, and became perhaps more profoundly penetrating in speech than they can ever know. Mr. Frankenberger's interesting and instructive remarks as to "What Shall We Read?" comprised, in brief summary: Newspapers for knowledge of the world and of life; periodicals for recreation; books for information, and great books for the purification of the soul.

Professor Frankenberger was followed and supplemented by the remarks of Professor Smith in regard to general reading and the reading habit of the student, one of his conclusions being that the omnivorous student reader is likely to be the doer of great deeds in the world. Professor Smith's address was pervaded with an appreciation of the late President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin.

The afternoon session was crowned with the fine sermon of Mr. Simmons, taking for his text "And the leaves of the trees were for the healing of the nations." Mr. Simmons gave a tender picture of leaf life in which science, poetry and depth of spiritual insight mixed and mingled; and the leaf in its reach for light and for air, in its mission of purification, in its strong bond of unity and brotherhood became a perpetual symbol of undying aspiration.

In conclusion came the touching memorial service for the beloved long since gone before and those that have within the past year laid off the yoke of mortality; and this tender link between the visible and invisible, stretching fearlessly across the reaches of space, seemed suddenly to erase time and make love paramount, supreme, eternal.

Th beautiful day came to its close with the reading of Saul by Mr. Jones at the Vesper service, and the high strains of this wonderful poem seemed to rise upon the air with a new charm, with more potent force as the silent shadowing night swept down and enveloped all the earth in its sacred and mysterious gloom. ANNE B. MITCHELL.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 11, 1902.

Foreign Notes.

THE CO-OPERATIVE RESTAURANT OF THE LATIN QUARTER.—*Le Signal de Geneve* reprints the following interesting account of this new Parisian institution, furnished by the eminent economist, Charles Gide, for the columns of *Le Huguenot:*

At the beginning of November, 1900, the following circular was sent to some thousands of persons:

"Gentlemen: You are no doubt well aware how painful the conditions of existence are in the Latin quarter for students far from their families and proverbially poor.

"Good restaurants in the Latin quarter are expensive, and those that are cheap provide, as a rule, food that is far from hygienic.

"Furthermore, most of the restaurants are at the same time cafes where the indulgence in spirits is to a certain extent obligatory.

"For these reasons we have resolved to establish in the Latin quarter a *co-operative restaurant.*

"Already the students are rejoicing in the idea of taking their meals in a restaurant of their own and being, as it were, at home.

"But capital is needed for this purpose; the sum of $6,000 will be necessary. Part of this will be furnished by the stu-

dents themselves, who will be both stockholders and patrons of the restaurant.

"We count on the spirit of solidarity among all heads of families who have been students themselves, and whose sons will be students, to aid us in this social undertaking."

This appeal was heard and friends of the University, professors and philanthropists, subscribed, not indeed the whole $6,000, but a little over $4,000. The originators of the enterprise then thought themselves justified in going ahead, counting on subscriptions from the students themselves to make up the needed amount.

Nevertheless it took another whole year of effort and preparation to put the society on its feet.

It is, thanks to the initiative and the indefatigable perseverance of one first-year law student, Mr. Henry Hayem, that this campaign was carried through to a happy conclusion. Nothing discouraged him, neither the lukewarmness of the capitalists from whom he solicited funds nor the ill will of landlords who refused to take a student association as tenants—(it was not till the sixth one was reached that a location was secured)—nor the interviews with contractors, meat and pastry cooks, scullions, and so forth, nor the pleasantries of his comrades and the dashes of cold water which the wise threw from time to time over his youthful enthusiasm.

At last, on October 16, 1901, the Co-Operative Restaurant of the Latin Quarter opened its doors. This is the name to be read in purple letters (the University color) at the corner of Sommerard and Thenard streets, opposite the College de France, two minutes from the Sorbonne, five minutes from the School of Medicine and the law faculty.

The room, with its sea-green walls, ornamented with pictures loaned by artist members, and its tables of gray marble, has a very attractive appearance.

Its success was immediate and surpassed all the hopes of its projectors. The number of meals served daily, which was one hundred and fifty in the beginning, although it was then vacation, rose to four hundred and fifty. As the room contained only seats for one hundred, the crowding was simply intolerable.

It was imperative then to enlarge the quarters. This has just been done. The "Co-operative Restaurant" is now prepared to serve from seven to eight hundred meals per day.

On the other hand, all the shares, of which the number was originally fixed at fourteen hundred, were subscribed for and more than one hundred and fifty students registered for more. It seems necessary, therefore, to increase the social capital, and a general meeting is about to be called for that purpose.

Such an affluence of demands shows plainly that the restaurant has attained its object, which is to furnish students perfectly wholesome food and as cheaply as possible. Meals are *a la carte*, as at the Duval restaurants. The menu is less varied, but the prices are much lower—at least a third. A beefsteak or a cutlet costs 10 cents; other meat dishes cost 8 cents; vegetables and side dishes, from 4 to 6 cents; a small bottle of wine may be had for 3 cents. Bread costs from 1 to 2 cents, according to size; a fresh napkin one pays 1 cent for, but there are napkin rings and a case to keep them in. No fees or tips are given. The average price of the meals served since the opening is 23 cents, which, for a student regularly taking all his meals there, means $14 a month, and if he be invited now and then, that makes just so much less. The cuisine is very plain and unpretentious, but all provisions are bought at the Halles or of the best dealers, and anything tainted or second hand is proscribed. No liquor is sold. For the abstinent, of whom there are many among the stockholders, there is wine and unfermented beer. The water is filtered, thanks to a fine filter presented to the students by Mr. Chamberland.

Being co-operative, the restaurant is open only to members. To acquire the freedom of it one must subscribe for a $5 share and pay 50 cents a month. Profits are to be divided pro rata among the consumers according to their expenditure, which reduces their outlay still further or reimburses them for their stock. To be sure, it will not be easy to make a profit, or even to make ends meet, on serving meals at 23 cents, especially when one considers that good food must be given for the money and that the ordinary restaurant makes its profit out of extras, especially liquors, cigars and fine wines, which are wanting here; also that feeing being prohibited, the company must pay its waiters more, while in most restaurants it is they who pay instead; finally, that in a students' restaurant one must count on a dead season of three or four months, when the place will necessarily be run at a loss.

But in spite of these difficulties, the results already achieved permit the hope of ultimate success. Already there is talk of establishing branches. Finally, a University city, which shall provide both food and lodging, is in process of organization.

Should this movement succeed and become emphasized, it will mean something more than a service rendered to the student's stomach and his purse. It will be for him an object lesson of the most useful kind, happily supplementing the instruction received in the schools, a first step in the practice of organization and association for the sake of collective effort; all things to which a Frenchman is naturally so averse as to render him inapt in sustaining a struggle against his neighbors. If the restaurant lives, old students remaining members will gladly return to it when passing through Paris. Then one may see, as I have seen at the *commerce* of the Zofinque Society of students, the blonde heads and the snowy ones of several generations gathered about the same tables. If a genuine solidarity springs up and endures between them the Restaurant of the Latin Quarter of 1901 will indeed have inaugurated a new century for our country. M. E. H.

Death and Life.

I held an audience with death,
And stood beside the portal wide,
A moment I suspended breath,
And felt as if my soul had died.

It seemed the door was black as night,
And swung afar in empty space,
And I slept out in wild affright,
To find myself in that huge place.

I swiftly fell, as shoots a star
Across the darkness of the sky,
To break my fall there was no bar,
And so I swept infinity.

Ah! 'twas a thought bred of my fear;
For lo! there stood beside the door
A form of love, a face most dear,
And met me as she had before.

'Twas lovely Life, and still the land
Of love with all its gifts of grace,
She took me gently by the hand,
And made me welcome in the place.

And it was sweet as land of Spring,
When flower is seen and pipes the bird;
Oh! like a lark my heart did sing,
To joy's divineness deeply stirred!

—*William Brunton.*

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"George Eliot", Leslie Stephen, net, postpaid 75 cents.
"The Virginian, A Horseman of the Plains", Owen Wister, $1.50 net, $1.12, postpaid $1.25.
"Oldfield, A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century", Nancy Huston Banks, $1.50 net, $1.12, postpaid $1.25.
"The Conqueror, A Story of Alexander Hamilton", Gertrude Atherton, $1.50 net, $1.12, postpaid $1.25.
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